THE AERONAUT.

No. 106. Sep. 17. 1817

(Story concluded.)

These perished scenes I can now relate with the calmness of one, who describes after years have past away, the visits of the Night-mare, the passions of a dream. For violent passion is nothing but a dream, as it relates to the agency of the soul or to its own duration. But to return

to my narrative. I raved with all the incoherence of a madman, until I learned, that Isabella was gone. She had left me to my despair, without one parting word of regret or consolation. Pride came to my aid. I blushed for the display I had made of the weakness of my principles, and the efficacy of that apathy, which I had wooed for years, and which had left me a maniac. I rushed from the house, and in the chaos of feeling in which I was plunged, my resolution was taken.

I returned to my native place, offered myself to Sophia, and was accepted. We were married. No man of common sensibilities can be entirely unaffected by the regard of a woman who loves him, in the first communion of wedlock; however the world may have corrupted the milk of human kindness in his heart, however stoicism in its most-

perverted form may have blunted the edge of every finer feeling, or however the fires of another passion may be raging and preying upon his heart. I was happier, in despite of my fears, than I have ever before been.

As months rolled on, my satisfaction with myself, and with every thing around me, increased. The desire of fame is a fever; its hopes and its fears render its votary as miserable, as the attainment of his purpose transports him. But affection left a large balance in my favour. From the toils of active life, I could retire to the sweet serenity of my own fire side. There, a critic would have prolonged its jarrings — I might not for one, and I found an affectionate companion, ever amiable, and never dissatisfied. Proud of my honors, as their receiver was, my wife grew more endeared to me, by every hour of our intercourse; and, in

the sweet reciprocity of obligation, then pas-
-sions danced their peaceful round, which
are only true, because not anticipated
with feverish eagerness; felt, but not cal-
-culated; and prized, when they are no
more!

I met Isabella, without feeling
violent emotion; and betrayed still less. She
was soon afterward united ~~to~~ with the appro-
-bation of her father, to a distinguished per-
-son, and was I believe, as happy as myself.

The birth of two children completed
my bliss — and now, stranger, then common
incidents of my story, must be followed
by others as common, — would I could dwell
on them with as much calmness!

An epidemic carried off my boy
and girl; their mother bowed her head
to the grave which contained her children,
and her soul fled to be with them. I was
left alone — uncomforted by man, and repi-
-ning at the fate which left me on earth.

The sedentary nature of my pursuits, my early dispositions, my uninterrupted peace, had left my temper none of the buoyancy, which might have supported me in the prime of life. The triple blow was given at once; my dejection had in it none of the "joy of grief" — to count a patty woe, were an impossible attempt at sacrilege. Madness did not come to my relief; but a trance of the soul succeeded, in which the organs of the body performed their offices by mechanism, while the living principle wandered to unknown worlds, and was with my partner and my babes.

I awoke — but sadness presented itself in its most terrific form, to one bowed down in mind and body. Fame had no charms; for there was no one to share in the joy it might afford. Friendship offered its consolations, but I derided the name. I had had but one passion; it was friendship, love, natural affection — and now I dwelt in the

clouds and shadows of departed ties; the rays of earth could not penetrate their shroud, and I lived and worshipped in their sanctuary.

Parents, wife and children gone, no human being could demand that I should ascend the living rack of exertion, to toil for another's pleasure. I left my bones to written on the grave of my wife; I gave my wealth to the poor and finally, after traversing America, I reared this hut and planted this garden, and determined to end my days in solitude. I pruned their venerable trees, and in their shadows, like the Patriarch of old, I called on the names of my angel wife and my infants.

Man must form some communion, he cannot; unless he will be his own wilful destroyer, either in his own selfishness. A whisp[illegible]

cated herself, in the branches of my elm-
she feeds from my hands and pours her
songs for me, in the solitary hours of
darkness. The deer are my playmates.
I have formed a friendship with a wolf,
and have tamed him into affectionate
gentleness.

Alas! if man who boasts of civiliza-
tion, would approach the untutored
and ferocious savage, with the weapons
of charity alone; if he would meet his
fellow with the spirit of peace in his
heart, he might talk of friendship—
But the heathen poet has said too
truly, Homo Hominii Lupus!

Fallen man is in love with misery.
Not satisfied with the trials, into which
passion will lead him, he affects agony,
until by endeavouring to persuade others
of the superior exquisiteness of his
sufferings, he learns to believe it himself

: self. Let him

When will he launch his bark upon the waters of that gentle stream, where social virtues, the virtues of nature are pure and bright - and unpathwayed - that winds through the rocks and shoals of fate, glides by the steeps of destiny, and is unruffled by the storm, until it mingles with that current, which makes glad the city of God!

It is the only stream of peace. This is the voice of our uncorrupted being - it is the religion of nature; it is the revelation of God.

S.